THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
VOLUME II
NUMBER 22

FIVE CENTS

JULY 17, 1929

Paul Flanders
Drawer Z

THE NEWCOMB-GRIFFIN RECITAL

The two-piano recital of Ethel Newcomb and Harold Griffin last Sunday evening at Pebble Beach was held under most favorable auspices. It was Carmel's introduction to the new W. W. Wheeler house,—and Carmel came. Up the steep drive to a tiled terrace which overlooks the world,—or at least all of it that lies within the curved arm of Carmel Bay to Point Lobos. The sight is magnificent. The house is designed for a life which turns constantly out-of-doors.

The program began with the Schumann Concerto,—Ethel Newcomb at the solo piano, Griffin providing the orchestral accompaniment. Schumann is music of festivity. The tone piles exuberantly. The second movement, as these two played it, was golden, a rich embroidery of loveliness, a tonal bliss.

The two pianists maintained a fine balance of parts, the self subordinate to the whole. Two-piano music provides, in addition to the pleasure of hearing sound, a delight in the relationships of interplay, of simultaneity and unsimultaneity. This sense of the richness in the tone comes from the slight blurring, the quiver in the air, such as comes from orchestral violins.

Second on the program was the Hungarian Fantasie of Liszt, with Harold Griffin taking the lead. This he did with verve and brilliance and a fine feeling for larger swings of rhythm.

A solo group of unimportances followed, delicious bits providing a relief from the weightiness of concertos.

Finally the first movement of the Tschaikowsky Concerto,. Miss Newcomb taking the solo part and giving it a fine breadth and largeness. Although it was evident As a whole the program perhaps had a little too much weight. Certainly a constantly festive brilliance. It never ceased to shine. Certainly it establishes Harold Griffin as a pianist good to hear, and adds to the already-won laurels of Ethel Newcomb.

E T H E L
N E W C O M B

P I A N I S T

THE SCHOOL DISTRICT SURVEY

A preliminary outline of the report of the School Survey made of the situation in the schools of this district under the direction of Dr. Almack of Stanford University, has been published by the Monterey Peninsula Herald. The schools of the district have been weighed in the balance and found only 67% efficient (whatever that is). Several drastic modifications are suggested, including additions to buildings in outlying regions, and equipment in the Monterey High School. Also, be it noted, a reorganization of the administration.

Such a survey must steer clear of political tangles. It must be a masterpiece of tact.

Copies of the complete survey will be in the hands of the School Trustees, and it is hoped, as requested, in the possession of the Carmel P. T. A. within a few days. We shall have opportunity to study, digest, and discuss it fully as individuals and in a group.

The Survey is a competent report calling for action. It provides the basis and the standards for next steps to be taken in developing our school "system."

■ ■

A preliminary lecture by Mr. J. Hall, state architect, provided a number of weeks ago an opportunity to hear some of the general principles upon which such a survey would be based. The thoroughness of the method of survey was also indicated,—the tabulating and computing of statistics, their interpretation.

■ ■

Since these men are indubitably competent specialists, it may be surprising to disagree with them at all on matters of basic principle. The policy of consolidation of schools into larger and larger administrative units, however, is one with which Carmel is likely to disagree. Also the policy of large "mass-production" schools, for "efficiency's" sake.

Carmel is one of the last outposts of individualism against the march of the standardizing and de-individualizing Ma-

chine Age. It is a community of individuals somewhat varying from the average American type, and with a different set of values, with less of an emphasis upon, for instance, the social exhibitionism which characterizes a pecuniary civilization, and more of emphasis upon the elements of beauty and the creating of beauty, of natural and simple living in a harmonious rather than a cut-throat society.

The average public school therefore which is endeavoring to "fit the child for life" may be fitting him for a life we, on the other hand, find quite unfit for man. We may not, after all, desire to have our children in Carmel fit the standard human pattern set by Mr. Babbitt and obediently followed in the average consolidated school system.

Carmel may have something to contribute to the culture of the future. Its citizens may therefore wish to control to some degree the choice of personalities brought into contact with its children in the schools, and the quality of education there provided.

We may therefore in Carmel resist the policy of school consolidation, however desirable that policy may be in some other communities. Pending a thorough study of the complete survey, however, a suspended judgment is to be cultivated.

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER

Two dramatic events occurred in Carmel on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. George Richardson, swimming off Carmel Beach, was caught in a strong current. Mr. Reginald Moreland, swimming to her aid, battled the undertow in vain. Nat Seller, struggling toward them to help, also. A fourth swimmer in their behalf was likewise caught. After a fearful struggle against the odds of the undertow, all four reached shallow water and first aid was administered.

Later in the afternoon, the house of Mr. B. G. Newell, on Dolores, tenanted by Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Bradley, was seriously damaged by fire. John Herzog, fireman, suffered a bad cut on the hand.

The house will have to be completely rebuilt.

GARDENS

The Garden Section of the Woman's Club will hold its next meeting with Mrs. Barling, at thirty-nine North Casanova, on Thursday the twenty-fifth at ten thirty in the morning.

BUHLIG

Last Thursday evening in Berkeley Richard Buhlig gave a recital at the University which packed the auditorium. It was a devoted and keenly enthusiastic audience of the very finest listeners. A triumphant evening.

Buhlig's subject matter was early music, beginning with keyboard music written for the virginal and the harpsichord in the Thirteenth Century.

The evening will be duplicated here in Carmel when Buhlig arrives in August to give a series of three recitals. August the nineteenth, the twenty-second, and the twenty-sixth are the dates set.

WEDNESDAY MORNING MUSIC

Mrs. Phil K. Gordon, with a view to utilizing the facilities of hospitality which La Ribera provides, is organizing a series of Wednesday morning musicales to be held in the drawing room of the hotel during the summer. Various artists,—pianists, a violinist, a singer,—will be invited to participate, and the names published next week. It is hoped that many residents and visitors to the peninsula will respond to the plan.

THE KIRCHWEY DINNER

A letter to The Carmelite from George W. Kirchwey, former Dean of the Law School of Columbia University, and one of the foremost American jurists and penologists, announces that he is completing engagements in southern California and will be likely to arriv in Carmel on or about the twentieth.

As the date for The Carmelite dinner in his honor can therefore not be definitely set at this printing, it is advisable that those who wish to come to this event, whether the dinner or the lecture by Dr. Kirchwey following it, communicate with The Carmelite. If then it should occur before we next go to press, The Carmelite will reach them with an announcement of time and place, by telephone. Dr. Kirchwey's distinction is matched equally with his charm and humor. It will be a rare evening.

NEW OFFICERS OF THE CARMEL ART ASSOCIATION

William Ritschel, president.
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Mrs. Isabel Nicholson, second vice president.
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In view of the criticism launched against Probation Officer Otis for his incarceration, first at the Detention Home, and secondly in the Psychopathic Ward of the hospital, of a young girl in Monterey, without the justification of arrest or any charge, and her subjection to conditions of a nature to bring about serious shock or psychosis, we urge the complete reading of the long article on the final pages of this issue, delineating principles and attitudes which competent probation officers are using when dealing with such problems.

GIRL SCOUT ACTIVITIES

The Girl Scout Council is giving a Bridge Tea at the Scout House Thursday, July 18, at two o'clock. A charge of $1.00 per person includes refreshments and a prize for each table.

Reservations can be telephoned to Miss Judd, the Director, at the Scout House 37R or to Mrs. Fenton Foster 41.

It is hoped that friends of the Girl Scouts will bring their friends and make up their own tables. Tables will be arranged for strangers.

There will be five hundred or whist for those who do not play bridge.

WILD SALAD

W. W. Wheeler has a grief.

Piano practice has been going on at his house in Pebble Beach. Harold Griffin preparing concertos for recital.

In the evening four deer came and stood, some distance down the ravine from the house, in a silent row, motionless.

"What musical deer we have!" said Mr. Wheeler. "Harold, you have the wild beasts of the wood standing enchanted about us."

A strange thing was that the deer stood just below his row of paper bags.

Yes, if the deer trouble your garden growth, what you need to do,—so tradition has it,—is to hang empty paper bags from the tree-branches. These swaying ghosts will intimidate your friends from nearer approach and your garden planting will be safe,) There stood the deer with bowed heads by the fluttering bags.

And the next days Wheeler veronicas were neatly nibbled off. The music had, if anything, heartened them. They had braved the specters. They had ascended the hill. In the asethetic judgment of the deer, a blue veronica is just a tasty salad bit.

BALABAN

On Thursday evening of last week Vasia and Sybil Anikeef gave a party at Edward Weston's studio in honor of a distinguished guest, Emanuel Balaban, and Mrs. Balaban, both of Russia.

Balaban is director of the Department of Opera at the Eastman School at Rochester and has been closely associated with Eugene Goossens. He has conducted the symphony orchestra at Leipzig, and the Philharmonic of Berlin. He was instrumental in the founding of the American Opera Company.

The party at Weston's however ignored much of these grandeurs. The talk was sprightly and the pitch high. Remiel Macgeehee danced the strange dance that beggars dance upon the streets of Tokyo, to the resonant tones of their own ejaculatory chanting.

While other dancing went on, there was a sustained undertone of more serious discussion.

"An intellectual is one who consciously strives to attain happiness," defined Ralph Parker, who proclaims himself a tired one.

"Life is made possible only by illusions," said Martin Flavin, thereby proving himself another. "If we hadn't these, we should perish of boredom."

Ralph Parker further maintained that among the intellectuals illusions can be turned off and on faucet-wise.

Emanuel Balaban himself however quietly made the best contribution of the evening in his discussion of modern music. The immense perspective his life experience gives him with regard to all of music, makes it possible for him not only to understand it and its various vocabularies, but to interpret and to evaluate it.

He finds contemporary musical composition and among contemporary composers no outstandingly great works and no outstanding genius. He named the dozen or so,—Sessions, Copeland,—who have given impetus to the creative music of the generation. He finds their music cerebral, mental, founded upon reactions of the nervous system rather than upon feeling. In none of it vivid as it is, has there so far been a great utterance.

Others of the arts,—and notably architecture,—have begun a vital movement in our time. Music waits for something to say: "None of the music of the moderns seems inevitable," said Balaban. "It is thought out. Great art is created from sheer inner necessity."

Personal Bits . . .

Mr. O. A. Bardarson, principal of the Sunset School, who recently underwent an emergency operation of severity at the Carmel hospital, is now the guest at their home on The Point of the Joseph Schoeningers, recuperating.

■ ■

Chi Lung and his associates of the Abalone League Players hied them up to the Carmel hospital last week to carry the mountain to Mahomet. No mere hospital back can prevent Charlie van Riper from seeing one of the best plays of their season.

■ ■

Fraulein Liesel Wurtzman has arrived with the Levinsons of Carmel from her home in Frankfurt-am-Main, and will be for an indefinite period the guest of her brother Fritz Wurzman at his cottage in Carmel Woods..

■ ■

The indomitable Marcella Burke, with her husband, Pat, has been in Carmel briefly, providing excuse for a number of recent parties.

■ ■

Anne Martin, regional director of activities of the Women's International League on the Pacific Coast, has returned to Carmel after a tour of organization in the northern cities, but will be here for only a brief time. Miss Martin leaves Carmel on the twenty-sixth for Europe, in order to attend the Congress of the W. I. L. at Prague in August.

■ ■

The D. O. James' of Kansas City are again in their castle on the promontory at Carmel Highlands.

■ ■

Katherine Smit, last year curator of the gallery for the Carmel Art Association, but now of Palo Alto, has been on the peninsula for the last week during the sessions of the Episcopalian Conference at Asilomar.

■ ■

Mrs. Aufderheid of Los Angeles, district superintendent for Los Angeles County Charities, and her sister Miss Pryor, have been in Carmel for three weeks' rest. The work of Mrs. Aufderheid covers twenty two towns in the foothills. There are in the county of Los Angeles a hundred and thirty workers in this department, making the case studies, investigations and solutions of relief problems through many agencies. This giving of financial relief is but an incidental of the service given to individuals consulting the County Charities.

■ ■

Corinne Jacobsen, who has been in Carmel during the spring and summer with her sister Mrs. W. I. Garren, this week made her departure for the north. She will shortly leave for England, where after four years of preparation for nursery school work she is to study in the training school of Rachel MacMillan. Miss MacMillan's was one of the first great nursery schools of the world.

The movement for schools for tiny children has been modified in the last years. Although only seven or eight years old it has met something of an impasse on an almost irrelevant issue,—the tremenduous communicability of colds and such diseases among small children. A large proportion of most city nursery school enrollments is usually absent for reasons of communicated sickness. The alternative is,—either very small neighborhood nursery schools, or schools almost entirely out of doors.

The educational advantage to the tiny child of the nursery school is by now a well-established fact. Little things of two years old can learn to adapt themselves socially, to attend to their own wants, button their own shoes, with a facility somehow impossible at home. The difficulties of habit routine are easily solved. Problems insoluble by the most intellectual of mothers simply never arise in the group.

■ ■

Two old friends of Carmel, Martha and Katherine Criley, are here for the summer in a cottage at Tenth and Casanova.

Martha Criley has interesting things to tell of the year's work of the Women's University Club in Los Angeles, from which a group has been making a study of modern educational principles and practice. Leaders in their field, from President Aurelia Reinhardt of Mills College to the director of the experimental school of the Los Angeles Board of Education, have come before this group to present the findings of educators with modern attitudes. A rich and intense study has been made.

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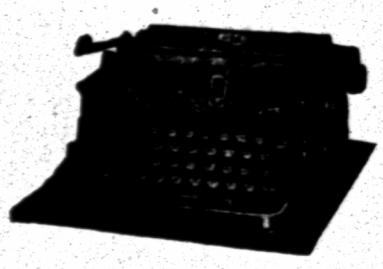

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THE PLAY OF THE WEEK

Cyril Delevanti has the gift of versatility in character parts. We are glad to report a play well done at the Carmel Playhouse these days.

Approaching any dramatic performance with the pessimism which results from long suffering, we found ourselves enjoying the snap, the finish, and some excellent acting, in the presentation of "The Chinese Puzzle."

Playing against a background elaborate with authentic Chinese pieces, Cyril Delevanti as Chi Lung decoratively maintained the dignity, the command, the satire, and the whimsicality of the Chinese.

Opposite him, the tempestuous Betty Sampson excellently carried the part of Naomi. This sauve young tornado performs with considerable finish. In addition to her natural intensity she is equipped with a feeling for the composition of spaces and for gracious bodily movement.

Raymond Carey has made considerable strides since his first appearances on the stage this spring,—although this critic is still hampered by the notion that muddy speaking disqualifies anyone from eligibility for the stage, and suffers distress at the performance of all who are unable to speak English with a due regard for vowels, consonants, and their sculptured enunciation.

Jo Ward was a Lady de la Haye of much loveliness, especially of voice. Winsor Josselyn's Frenchman had grace and a savoir faire. The play in general was well cast.

Mr. Delevanti acknowledged the final applause of the first night with a pretty little curtain speech. It was quite the best house of the summer's plays.

■ ■ ■

Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie" continues puppet-size for a run extended to June twenty-ninth at the Blanding Sloan Puppet Theater on Montgomery Street in San Francisco, proving the point of the puppetteers regarding the drama presented in abstract forms.

The impersonal and the abstract as goals in the modern arts are here well illustrated. Why we yearn so for this abstractness is another question, and for the sociologist or the psychologist to answer. The movement to puppetize present-day drama is typical of our general cultural tendency as shown in the arts; and since typical, has a peculiar validity.

TEA AT FOUR

The gods must love the Flavins.

Up the winding road to the Highlands, and past the Highlands you come to their solitary castle.

Castle, no less.

There on the sea-edge poised on the cliff-rock it commands the universe, sea and star-hung sky, in the midst of such beauty as causes the heart almost to stand still with wonder.

On the edge of this immensity a distinguished party sat last Saturday afternoon, sipping tea behind the granite parapet. There were one orchestra conductor, one composer, one singer, one pianist, a playwright, (not counting the host, who arrived late in his fishing togs to add the one note of reality to a scene of almost too great perfection) artists, and a number of smaller fry, such as wives and an editor.

Rendered almost speechless by the beauty of the scene and the necessity to contemplate it in silence, the guests nevertheless rallied themselves urbanely to the duties of conversation, and epigrams crackled brightly about, splintering themselves upon the surrounding rocks. The host tolerantly surveyed the scene, keeping his inferiority complex well in leash. Edward Weston lingered ecstatic in the cactus garden, where one flower after another unfolded itself in geometric stiffness of indescribable hues and colors.

It was, in short, an afternoon of totally improbable beauty,—human beings contributing the grace of nicely patterned behavior as decor to the universe.

(P. S. Another way of telling this story is as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Martin Flavin entertained at tea last Saturday afternoon in their Carmel Highlands home, honoring Mr. Emanuel Balaban. Other guests present were Mr. and Mrs. Vasia Anikeef, Mr. Edward Weston, Mr. Ramiel MacGeehee, Miss Dene Denny, Mr. Imre Weisshaus, Mr. and Mrs. D. O. James, Mrs. Pauline G. Schindler, and Miss Virginia Tooker.)

NECESSITY AGAIN THE MOTHER OF INVENTION

Nadine Belden, living in a cottage on Carmelo with her mother, had a problem to solve. Mrs. Belden is blind; and on their many auto trips together it was necessary to find some convenient way to spread a picnic lunch.

The result is an invention which Miss Belden has now patented and which is already on the market,—a folding table for use in automobiles and elsewhere. It is not only compact, folds with the utmost simplicity and convenience, and fits into almost no space at all; but it also has excellent proportions and looks very well.

linoleum cut by R. Bruce Inverarity

"INDIAN BURIAL IN DUGOUT"

"Indian Burial" illustrates an early rite now rarely to be found among Indians. The Indian in his canoe has been lashed half way up some trees in a deserted spot.

Bruce Inverarity, the painter, was born in the Northwest and has lived and painted there most of his life. Living in the open for many months of the year, he has made vagabond tours of exploration through the Northwest and Canada. He has conducted a school of his own and also taught at the Cornish School in Seattle. Every year he spends some time living with the Indians, thus gathering material for his writing and painting.

The "Indian's Burial" is a linoleum cut from a volume of poetry he is making by hand and expects to have ready in September.

SPEED

Again and again they turn up in Carmel, these picturesque wanderers who have heard of this little town on the Pacific coast.

The other day young Mellquist, of the New York Theater Guild, turned up, bronzed with the suns of the desert. Three weeks ago he left New York with five dollars in his pocket.

He answered our thirsty questions concerning the intelligentsia of the east,—who was writing a new book, and what leading ideas are circulating this season.

"How long will you be in Carmel?" hopefully we asked.

"O, I leave tomorrow," he hastily supplied. "I've seen all there is of Carmel. Been here almost two days, you know."

PUTTING TIME IN ORDER

The thirteenth-month year to be considered by a committee of the League of Nations at Geneva, and endorsed by international business organizations, will make a drastic change if adopted. The year is made of fifty-two weeks and a day. The proposed arrangement begins every year on a New Year's Day which is no day of the week at all. It is the left-over day,—with the days of the week on vacation. Then would follow annually Sunday January second. The days of the week, and the weeks of the month, neatly marshalled and regimented.

■ ■ ■

"Yes," she said to herself as she stepped out of the house before breakfast last Monday morning, "this is a morning for a heathen. A good Christian can't really appreciate a day of this sort. You've got to sin fully to understand a morning like this . . ."

COURT OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

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Published weekly by The Carmelite Publishing Company in the Seven Arts Building, Carmel-by-the-Sea, California. Printed by the Carmel Press.

Subscription rate, two dollars the year, three dollars: foreign, five cents the copy

Entered as second class matter February 21, 1928, at the Post Office at Carmel, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

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Editorial . . .

THE NEEDED CLEARING HOUSE

The catastrophic absurdity of two simultaneous two-piano recitals last Sunday evening in little Carmel, serves to remind us again of the good sense that lies in the maintenance of some sort of a clearing house for dates and events.

Our audience here is keen but small, and there is a sort of unity about it. We do not like to be split up by the conflict of events. Of those who planned the recitals for last Sunday evening, one group consulted some fourteen or fifteen people before settling on the time and date, in order to make sure that there would be no conflict.

The newspaper provides a logical clearing house. As before, we propose that individuals plotting concerts, lectures, plays, or other popular events, first consult the calendars which naturally array themselves in the editorial offices of the Pine Cone and The Carmelite, to make sure that no hearts be broken for lack of an audience. This makes possible not only an avoidance of conflicts, but that well-thought-out spacing which considers the psychology of potential audiences.

MAN AS JEHOVAH'S SUPREME MISTAKE

There is an issue on which the Carmel Pine Cone and The Carmelite stand together. The Carmel-Monterey road. We are agreed that it is senseless and heart-breaking murder.

The first issue of the Monterey County Post of Salinas pertly calls our brother in this cause a Don Quixote, and perhaps supposes itself to have proved some point with the epithet. We, on the other hand, beg leave to remark that the Monterey County Post will not have proved its point until it has set the advantages inherent in the new road over against the losses and proved that they are greater.

We ask Former Supervisor John L. D. Roberts, present District Supervisor A. A. Caruthers, the board, and the county engineer, just what we have gained, or are to gain, in this new road which can equal the loss of the rare beauty of the old?

What are the values with which you have replaced this supreme value?

Who has gained something, and what? Until these questions have been in some way answered, we shall continue to think of the men who are perpetrating this thing as guilty of a frightful and silly butchery.

SERIOUS DANGER TO OUR TOMATO-PASTE INDUSTRY

It will be a great relief to Californians, and most especially to Californian voters, to know that canned tomatoes have a friend in our congressman, A. M. Free of the Eighth Congressional District. Loyalty to our great American institutions causes this doughty warrior to battle the windmills of the House of Representatives in their behalf.

We have just received from Congressman Free a communication stating some of the facts concerned:

> Probably no schedule in the Tariff Bill has had so many ups and downs as the schedule in regard to fresh tomatoes, canned tomatoes and tomato paste.
>
> The tariff Act of 1922 carried a rate of ½¢ per pound on fresh tomatoes, imported into this country, and there was but little difficulty in getting this rate increased to 3¢ per pound in the bill which has just passed the House of Representatives; but canned tomatoes and tomato paste had a more difficult journey.
>
> Congressman Free had a chemical analysis made of the canned tomatoes and tomato paste imported from Italy, and also of those produced in the United States. He also had an investigation made by a friend who was a tomato producer in the United States and travelling in Italy, and when he finally appeared before the Committee he was able to show that tomatoes grown in California and Utah are identical in flavor, color and chemical composition, with the plum-shaped tomato grown in Italy . . . and that most of the tomatoes sent from Italy to the United States are identical with the tomatoes grown generally over the United States.
>
> Mr. Free also showed that the importations from Italy are ruining the American market, as they had steadily increased since the tariff on them was reduced.
>
> With the showing that canned tomatoes and tomato paste not only could but were actually being produced in the United States identical in flavor, color and chemical composition with the best Italian tomatoes, and with the further showing that because of the low tariff rate, the American tomato growers were being driven from American markets, the Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee, being a majority of that Committee, offered an amendment on the floor of the House, which was passed by the House, increasing the rate on canned tomatoes and tomato paste to 40% ad valorem. So the bill as it passed the House and went to the Senate carried a rate of three cents per pound on fresh tomatoes and 40% ad valorem on canned tomatoes and tomato paste.
>
> The bill is now being considered by the Finance Committee of the Senate and there is every indication that the rates passed by the House will not be lowered by the Senate Committee.

Immortality thus looms for our great congressman. On his tomb we read engraven in granite the story of his mighty deeds:

HE SAVED THE TOMATO-PASTE INDUSTRY

Correspondence

To the Editor
of The Carmelite:

(apropos: Henry Cowell's letter concerning recent inventions of musical acousticians in Moscow)

Photographs of vibrations of songs are not new. I saw them in Professor Miller's laboratory at Cleveland some years ago.

At the State University of Iowa, the same sort of thing may be seen. Both of these can give you the photograph of the vibrations of a song sung by various people. This is quite a recognized method of recording and has been for some time.

Yours sincerely,

Thomas Whitney Surette.

A Poem by Elinor Wylie . . .

THE LIE

A fortnight past you looked at me and lied:
Then my heart fainted, and I thought it died.
But O, that engine's not so simply stilled
Burns you for fuel, so I was not killed!
It was the moment, not myself, was slain,
And faith grew crescent in the mind again,
Then did I seek, according to my use,
Your full, sufficient, and extreme excuse
For having varied, by a hair's breadth span,
From your true character of god in man.
Through the disposing vertigo of trance
I fixed my eyes upon your countenance,
Which is, to me, the elemental stuff
Of beauty perfected, and the mask put off;
And, in the deeps and colours of your eyes,
I saw the inverted images of lies
I tell you daily; yea, I saw them all,
Careless, hardened, and habitual.
Preposterous falsehoods, legendary oaths,
Transparent and disprovable untruths,
And idle tales at which an infant smiles,
And histories far-fetched a million miles.
To blame you for a fault were insolence
Upon my part, who multiply by tens
The initial crime I condemn you for,
And, in an hour, condemn you twenty more.
For, while my soul protested and cried hush,
Have I not sworn to you without a blush,
When I was ill, that I was very well?
That I was blessed, when most miserable?
And, while my teeth have chattered in my head
With cold, and sick desire to be dead,
Have I not checked my shivering and sworn
I lay in damask leaves without a thorn?
Have I not vowed, before I starved and swooned,
That you were ointment to my every wound,
And food and physic, and a crumb too much?
And have I not declared you such and such
And this and that, and all the tale untrue?
And have I never said I trusted you
Around the corner, world without end,
To remain my lover and my loving friend?
Your constancy the stars', and not the moon's;
And I would trust you with my silver spoons!
O then, my darling, how have you deserved
The least reproach for having lightly swerved
By a width of spider's web, a honey bee's
Hair's breadth, or thread of silken eyelashes,
From the iron line of strict veracity,
And, by my faith, from such a liar as I?

Elinor Wylie
from "Angels and Earthly Creatures"
just published

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THE MACHINE AGE ANALYZED

Men and Machines, by Stuart Chase. Published July 1929, by MacMillan, New York.

Stuart Chase's book on the Power Age is just off the press,—a robust treatment of the facts of our machine civilization which strikes with the vigorous impact of a blow between the eyes.

Chase is a statistician and sociologist with the mind of an engineer. The problem he sets his book is an evaluation of the Machine, or Power, Age in terms of the social-psychological effect upon man its creator and victim. The method he uses is statistical. The crash and speed of its own subject matter fills the volume.

Chase describes the sea of dynamos, turbines, harvesters, cash registers, motion picture projectors, automatic weighers and mixers; the production of automobile frames in which one hundred per cent automatic performance has been achieved; an electrical distributing station of the Edison Company to be operated without a single human being within its walls,—and he asks himself what are the effects of machinery upon the western world of today.

He looks upon his own life, surrounded and pervaded by mechanical conveniences and engines, beginning with the morning alarm clock, and he finds that life good. He denies that he is psychologically undone by his quota of contacts with the machine. He skillfully estimates, in fact, that only about five per cent of the population,—textile operatives, men on the assembly belt, locomotive firemen, steel workers,—are bound to any dangerously rigorous machine rhythm. For the rest of us, he says, machine contacts are casual and temporary.

Yet while certain machine contacts are lethal, he notes, others, such as the work of the railroad engineer, are wholesome and invigorating.

The gains and the losses balance one another grotesquely.

He is not afraid of a robot civilization. That possibility is already past. The development of the machine first brought about a robot-tended machine process; now the machine itself includes possible robots. The statistical method is often lacking in subtlety. "The factor which worries and frustates modern industrial workers more than all the machines ever heard of is in my opinion," he continues, "unemployment. Unemployment is primarily a product of the Power Age, but as an inciter of mental disease it has nothing whatever to do with facing a moving There is even under way a department store in which standard package goods are to be sold entirely by mechanical means.

Factory population has been steadily declining since 1920,—a sinister fact when

STUART CHASE, author of "MEN AND MACHINES"

its relation to the growing ghost of permanent unemployment is noted.

The agitation over injurious effects of the machine upon the mind of its worker fills the mind of Chase with amusement. mechanism all day long."

The fact of an immense modification in the Power Age of the human type however remains. The delicate work of an analysis of this change does however not belong in this volume.

Chase reminds us of another growing phenomenon in our industrial world,—the fatigue studies being made in large power establishments, and the highly ingenious methods being invented to prevent it. He sees this significant as an indication of the controls a civilization can increasingly exercise upon its own conditioning.

A main concomitant of our labor-saving production and our competitive economy, the cost of distribution, reduces to absurdity a vast amount of apparent gain. The earlier savings bid fair to cancel out in competitive warfare.

The gravest condition which results from the development of machinery in the Power Age is of course vast and permanent. The new teletype-setter, setting the type of the nation's newspapers from one control board, threatens to throw out of work ten thousand linotype operators. The zero-hour of accelerating unemployment is partially explained by unheard-of factory efficiency, a saturated distribution system, and the lack of expansion in purchasing power consistent with invention.

"And if true," asks Chase, "is it not tragically ridiculous? Men are to tramp the streets by the thousands because machines can provide more than enough to go around? Perhaps the financial system under whose blessings we live is about to register a crowning example of its inability to adjust the Power Age to man . . . I am seriously afraid that accelerating unemployment is here; that the park bench is destined to grow longer. The advertisers may be able to stimulate new wants to take care of some of

the displaced men, but who is to stimulate the purchasing power that will absorb the commodities new and old? Only a profound re-adjustment in the whole operation of the financial structure can bring this vicious process to an end . . . In other words, from now on, the better able we are to produce, the worse we shall be off . . . This is the economy of a madhouse."

Finally, the technological tenuousness which puts the lives of a whole city at the mercy of perhaps a hundred key men, —is a danger in our age. If the 200,000 trained enginemen were blotted out of existence tomorrow, the social and industrial life of the nation would be paralyzed. "The men operating a city's veins of water, power, gas, sewage disposal, milk supply, communication, could bring the life of a great city to an end,—almost as neatly as though its every crevice had been soaked with poison gas." The civilizations of France and England could be brought to a total end within two hours by the means already at the command of most "civilized" nations. "With lungs full of diphenyl chloroarsine, we shall not need to worry about anything again."

Chase's final conclusions are inconclusive. He advises social control of its future by society through a constructive plan. The volume is packed with usefulness. To know the facts it presents is essential to an understanding of the bases of our present society.

pauline gibling schindler

"THE SECRETARY OF ENERGY" linoleum cut by Blanding Sloan.

■ ■

THE PSYCHIATRIC CLINIC AND THE JUVENILE COURT

by Dr. J. S. Plant, Director, Essex County Juvenile Clinic, Newark, New Jersey.

(This discussion by Dr. Plant, one of the most outstanding of the papers presented at the recent National Conference of Social Work held in San Francisco, while written for the attention of professional sociologists, illustrates with remarkable clarity the tendency of modern attitudes toward crime, the criminal, and the potential criminal. ed.)

■ ■

The psychiatric clinic may be considered as no more than an aid to or arm of the juvenile court. This it should be—the clinic should always fit in to the already existing social agencies. As such it should study only a fraction of all of the children coming before the court. There are at least three reasons for this and they are worth enumeration because of the tendency, in some cities, towards the feeling that the court should have all of its children examined by the clinic, (a) Any routine measure is bad. No human being has reached that stage of perfection that allows him to accord an adequate freshness of spirit and attack to problems lacking some element of special appeal. (b) A large number of children's cases should not be given the "importance" of such an examination. One of the outstanding defects of the modern juvenile court is that it is reaching enough into the petty affairs of the community to give an emphasis to certain minor conduct disorders that were better forgotten. Many children are carried through a rather extensive investigation and court procedure only to "fix" definitely a petty and best forgotten episode. (This also obtains for some individuals placed upon probation—that the reporting over an extended period serves only to keep alive an affair which has its best therapy in being dropped). Here one thinks particularly of the minor investigatory sexual affairs of young children. (c) Judges —as persons not judges—are always practicing a more or less efficient brand of psychiatry anyway and frequently make quite as adequate an assay of the situation as can the clinic. We, personally, quite resent any notion that psychiatry is a magic wand to be wafted only by the trained handful. Psychiatry is as widely practiced as is human thought—unfortunately, however, there is therefore as much poor psychiatry as there is careless thinking.

■ ■

The decision as to what cases should go to the clinic should lie in the hands of the judge though it is well that there be at the court a worker from the clinic who

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may serve at times to indicate types of problems which she feels might with particular value be referred to the clinic.

Concerning the cases this referred the court should receive four distinct types of information. (a) An adequate assay of the child's physical condition. The court should have an account not only of bad teeth, bad tonsils, bad heart, etc. but of the vaguer, yet far more important matter of the body's general ruggedness. As medicine turns from curing to preventing disease it more and more emphasizes these basic resistances of body—its ability to "stand up under the strain." There are a large number of the irritable types of reaction that are merely the necessary and expected symptoms of a body that has not the necessary stamina. (b) An adequate assay of the intellectual possibilities of the child. The clinics are not themselves in accord as to how valid and adequate is a great deal of the test work. There is an element of artificiality about all of this that makes it not safe to go beyond a general statement as to the child's probable limit in school and a similarly general statement as to the general type of his vocational adjustment. Diagnoses, in the sense of labels, should be rigidly excluded. Another decade may see a refinement of this part of the work. Probably it is inefficient to have the clinic offer any more detailed vocational advice until such time as the courts or probation officer construct more complete vocational and job-finding bureaus. (c) An adequate assay of the personality and personality difficulties of the child. Perhaps the outstanding development of the last ten years has been the realization of how relatively unimportant is the mere intellectual rating. Of what advantage is genius if there is not the emotional integration—you call it "will power"—to drive it? There are, too, those glorious plodders who with negligible ability yet drive what they have with a real purpose and an outstanding success. Again the clinics are not in accord as to the details of these personality studies. One can only say that the clinic should provide to the court—as far as is possible through expert study of the child and his environment—a picture of with what sort of a child the court has to deal. With this should go an outline of the outstanding ambitions and thwartings of the child. That is, the clinic should report what the child "normally" or usually is and what have been those environmental conditions which have so thwarted this that he has had to seek abnormal outlets. This is but the briefest statement concerning a subject that is of vast and transcending interest. (d) A statement on the basis of these facts as to **why** the youngster got into trouble—a diagnosis, if you will. This is really the nub of the whole matter. The juvenile court (even with the more recent modifications) is largely still a legal affair,—with, consequently, a legal point of view. The lawyer is primarily interested in the existence or non-existence of a fact—"did such and such a thing actually occur." The physician's—the psychiatrist's—point of view is entirely different. He looks upon facts only as **symptoms**—he wants to know what they **mean.** Thus he has in this study, but one goal—what does the delinquency **mean.** Schematically we might say that the court is primarily interested in what occurred; the psychiatrist, in **why** it occurred.

■ ■

Along with these four groupings of information the clinic should give certain recommendations as to therapy. In every such situation there are roughly involved the individual and his future and society and its future. These matters of course interlock. However, as far as feasible, the clinic's recommendations should be "individual"—as though society had no interest in the future beyond the therapy of this particular individual. For example—in the matter of punishment, the psychiatrist at times considers that the therapy should involve punishment for the child—but this is always on the basis of this being the best thing for the development of the child. The court, on the other hand, is frequently concerned with punishment as a deterrent to others. This latter consideration should never enter the recommendations of the clinic. There should always remain clearly this antagonism between the points of view of the two agencies—the court making always the final judgment through taking the recommendations of the clinic into the needs of society. There is in this way, an antagonism in points of view, which means that often the clinic's recommendations are not—and in no wise should be—followed by the court.

■ ■

Whatever plan or decision is made by the court should be carried out by its own officers or by probation officers. This arrangement has every advantage over having the workers of the clinic handle the matter. The clinic must always of course be ready to make restudies where the officers so wish. Of the many advantages of this plan we pause to enumerate but two. (a) This necessitates the slow addition within each probation office of a number of psychiatric social workers who handle certain types of cases. Being in the midst of this experiment we cannot for at least ten years make any worthwhile statement as to how many there should be. (b) This challenges a most intriguing mutual educational program between the probation office and the psychiatric clinic. Lectures, case-studies, discussions—all these leaven both the narrow, expert, vision of the psychiatric worker and the brusque practicability of the officer of the court or probation office.

The psychiatric clinic and the juvenile court may be considered as two parallel agencies, both attacking the same problems. In this second view neitheg agency is considered as to any great extent subserving the other.

Both agencies are occupying themselves much with parental and family failures. There has occurred a very considerable break in traditional family patterns. The court frequently acts in loco parentis and the clinic—well the clinic first was that and then a child guidance clinic, then a guidance clinic and now is blossoming more and more as a "parent" guidance clinic". Thus both agencies are much interested in the modern family and parent. However, the psychiatric clinic has more interested itself in the guidance of parents—in the re-teaching of parents as to how to bring up their children. In this breakdown the court and probation office, on the other hand, have rather more interested themselves in the development of childrens clubs, healthy social outlets, etc. Of course these points of view overlap and defy analysis bpt it does seem fair to say that where the two agencies parallel each other and where they are interested in the development of the family, the clinic has more interested itself in guiding the parent to correct guiding of the child, whereas the court has more tended towards providing ever richer and better opportunities for the child outside of the family.

■ ■

Both agencies are occupying themselves more and more with educational problems. There is a growing public consciousness that delinquency may in large measure be a problem in education, at least—with better understanding—much or all of it could be prevented. Patently, we are not here considering academic education—but an education that teaches how to live—how to find happiness. Indeed it has been largely due to the fact that the schools have stressed almost solely the academic education that the court and psychiatric clinic have come to feel that they must sponsor this larger field. Here again there is an interesting divergence in point of view and interest. The court is—itself and through its officers—telling children (as would a parent or teacher) where and how they can find happiness. This parental approach is one of pointing out to the child wherein his difficulties lie and showing him through vocational adjustment, boys' clubs, tec. where he may find happiness. The clinic, on the other hand, rather tends to feel that the difficulty is inherent in the child's faulty personality adjustment and to place its therapeutic emphasis at this latter point. The court and clinic are both dissatisfied with the school system's lack and both are trying to construct some sort of educational program —but the court is rather directly trying to tell the child what is the right road whereas the clinic is more directly interesting itself in bringing about such changes in the child's total personality that he himself will find his own happiness. Both agencies are groping here because it has

been only recently that any one has realized what a tremenduously large part of the educational process lies outside of the academic limits. As we go a bit further the divergence in point of view may disappear or develop into other antitheses. One does not know.

■ ■

A third parallel is that both agencies subscribe to a philosophy of determinism. Simply this means that whatever the youngster does by way of delinquency or otherwise is to be expected—is indeed unescapable—from the previous events of his life. That is, both agencies feel that if enough were known about the earlier life of the youngster it would show that the divergence in point of view may disto those other events. This feeling that any event is the predictable and expected outcome of previous events—were they well enough known—is of the deepest significence. The court—truly legal—has adopted quite definitely a theory of social or economic determinism. Thus the court rather tends to say that better living conditions would do away with our troubles. interested in legislation,—in the **patent,** Thus the court and probation office are touchable, phenomena of social life. This is sociological determinism in the sense that one feels that delinquency is the natural outcome of unhealthy social conditions. The clinic is also deterministic in its philosophy—but it invokes a "psychological" determinism. Its primary interest is the personality adjustments, their thwartings, conflicts, etc.—It is out of certain mental processes that difficulty naturally arises. Both agencies have done away with "chance"—things don't "just happen"—they have definite and inexorable causes. The court rather tends to look to social and economic conditions as the casual factors whereas the clinic looks much more to the psychological processes that occur in the youngster's mind.

■ ■

The juvenile court may be considered as only an aid to or arm of the psychiatric clinic. We need go back only 75 years to find psychology but a branch of philosophy. With Wundt began an interest in psychology as a science in the sense that controlled experiments were made. Psychology is now embarked on a vast scientific venture—one that hopes in the course of generations to bring to the problems of human thought and conduct the methods of the so-called "exact" sciences. The family, the school, the social agency, the probation office, these are the laboratories of the psychiatric clinic. The delinquent, even the criminal, is soon on his way. He is of import to us chiefly in his little contribution to the absorbing problem of how people actually think, how they find happiness or sorrow. To-day we face problems of unprecedented magnitude. For instance, crime is to-day our the total of human maladjustment and biggest business and I am convinced that it represents the veriest fraction of the sorrow. Your budget—public and private—each year carries a larger item for human wastage. The family leaves the problem for golf or bridge. The school smugly says "send the children to us a little while longer," the social agency is too cluttered with each day's debris to make headway, the lawyer, ostrich-like, buries his power and ability in more and stricter laws. I am not here to say that for all this the psychiatric clinic has the solution. But this much is true—that in every act, criminal or otherwise, the doer is of prime importance and that the only real solution to the problem of maladjustment is a profound knowledge of the maladjusted. We do not need a crime commission—but a study of the criminal. For this the psychiatric clinic asks patience. Ours is a slow road, years—a life-time—may see little progress. I am, however, personally convinced that here lies the direction that all our efforts in social engineering must take. The juvenile court and the probation office furnish us two of our very important laboratories.

MENCKENISM

In a Million years or so
Maybe not and maybe so
My share of trouble will be spent
And I will flower in content
But now————
Tomorrow comes, Tomorrow goes;
And I listen to this
And I listen to that
Until I think
I'll go off my hat
Listening to numerous
Inevitable incomprehensible
Incorrigible **Talkers**
Talking **Artily**
About the Arts.

Dearest Joy Liston

LEGAL NOTIFICATION

CARMEL SANITARY DISTRICT
CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA

Notice is hereby given that the Carmel Sanitary District, of the County of Monterey, and State of California, will sit as a Board of Equalization in the office of said District on Ocean Avenue at the hour of 7:30 P. M., on July 20 1929, for the purpose of considering all complaints in reference to the assessment of taxes on the property located in the District for the year 1929-1930, and such other matters as legally come before said Equalization Board.

CARMEL SANITARY DISTRICT
HUGH COMSTOCK
President
H. F. DICKINSON
Secretary

June 28, 1929.

Classified Advertisements

FOR SALE, in Carmel Valley, desirable ranch property, 1575 acres, fronting on Carmel River for three-eighths of a mile. Thousand acres open country, remainder timbered. Ideal for "dude ranch." Full particulars from E. H. Anderson, 241 Main Street, Salinas. Tel. 932.

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FOR SALE: Oldsmobile coupe. Good condition. $275. Telephone 293-J.

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The electric range gives a beautiful, clean kitchen and perfect baking to women who love modern methods.

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While you're downtown, stop in at a dealer's or at our office and see these new electric ranges. Or telephone us and our representative will gladly show you pictures of the many beautiful new models.

Electric water heating is now economical

The cut in rates of a year ago, means that an electric water heater, when used with an electric range, heats water for only one-third to one-half of a cent per gallon. So little to pay for hot water. And a CLEAN, COOL, all-electric kitchen.

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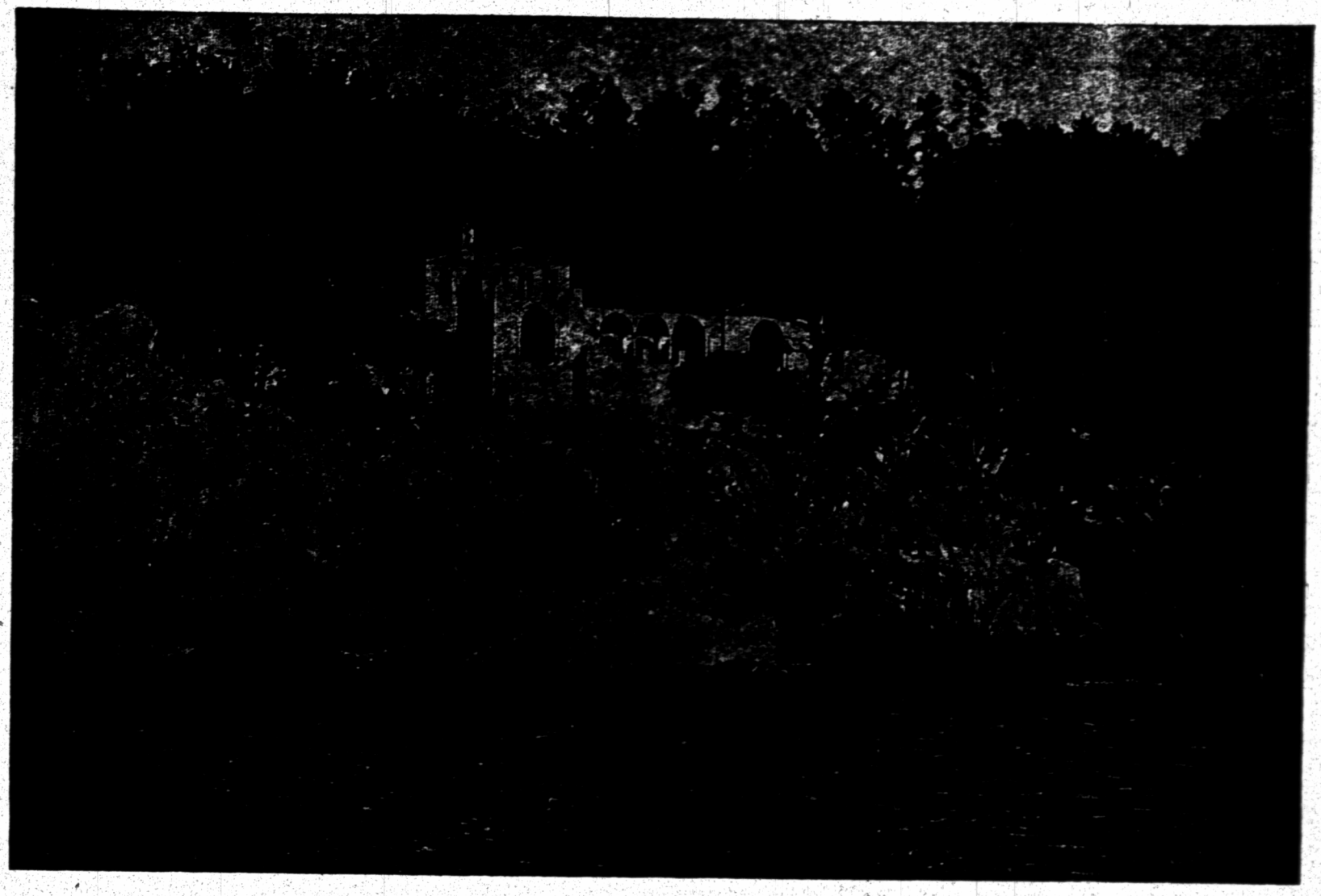

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(continued on page

RIGHT IN PRINCIPLE BUT MISTAKEN IN DETAIL

At the recent Seedman's Convention at the Hotel Del Monte during a morning the chairman of the meeting suddenly interrupted himself, hastened down the main aisle to the door at the back of the hall which had just opened to admit a tall and venerable latecomer, and shook him cordially by the hand.

"So glad to see you here, sir," he said, beaming. "Surely you will do us the honor to come to the platform and address a few words to us?"

The guest paused hesitant; but before he could plant his feet firmly in resistance, he had been hurried up to the platform and the chairman had already begun his introductory speech.

"Fellow-members of the convention," he began, "it gives me the greatest pleasure to welcome here one of the great men of our times . . . leader in field of education . . . courageous thinker . . . etc . . . "

The distinguished guest stood patient and modest, waiting for the flow to subside.

"It gives me great honor," at last he reached the end, "to introduce to you Dr. David Starr Jordan."

The veteran stepped forward to tumultuous applause, his towering height but little bowed by seventy-five years.

"You do me great honor," he said. "In fact, you do me too much honor. Although as your chairman has just mentioned, I have been a pioneer and a leader in the field of education, he is wrong in one detail. I am not Dr. Jordan president-emeritus of Stanford. I am Dr. Frederick Preston Search of Carmel."

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MUSIC FLOURISHES

In the days of the Golden Bough, Carmel was known as a center of the drama. That is, the drama as distinguished from commercial amusement. From Maurice Brown and Edward Kuster to Morris Ankrum; from Shakespeare to Eugene O'Neill. The excellence of Bert Heron's Hamlet is still spoken of. The Emperor Jones still unforgotten.

Now comes the shift.

The drama in Carmel,—except for the light comedies and the mystery dramas of the Abalone League,—lies in a state of of coma.

But you can't keep an energetic community down.

Carmel has become a music center. So we hear from out of town sources. And so, to our astonishment, we note as we survey its history of the last year or two. And not only a center of music, but a center of distinguished and significant music. Cowell, Rudhyar, Buhlig, Copeland . . . these are leaders in their generation. So Paul Rosenfeld acknowledges them in his latest volume on cultural leadership. The young Weisshaus too, now here as permanently as art in the bread-and-butter relationship allows.

Performance is always secondary in meaning to creation. Of these artists mentioned most are composers. Weisshaus is already here. Cowell, just back from Russia, is expected in the coming week. Rudhyar arrives on the twenty-seventh. Buhlig will appear early in August.

Ears, be ready.

What feasting we shall have . . .

ETCHINGS BY GAY

A group of etchings by August Gay is being exhibited for two weeks at the Book Shop in the Administration Building on the Asilomar Grounds, beginning July eleventh.

Gay is one of the most versatile artists of the Peninsula. As well as producing exquisite etchings, he is a master of charcoal drawings, oils and water colors. He is an expert wood carver and is at present working on a set of furniture for a Monterey home.

Born in a small town in Northern France, Gay came to America when he was about twelve years old. He has been in Monterey for the last ten years, at the Robert Louis Stevenson Home, where he has his studio. He works quietly and sincerely, and as a result produces an amazing amount of individual work.

Exhibited in his studio at the present time is a large drawing done in charcoal of a Parisian scene, "Montmarte." This drawing was awarded first prize in the exhibition held last year at the California School of Fine Arts in San Francisco. Another beautiful thing is a charcoal drawing of the back stariway of the Stevenson home—done with a fine feeling for the quiet and beauty of the little patio behind the building.

The exhibition of his works at Asilomar will last until the end of this month. The public is invited to attend.

SAN JOSE CREEK

A trial to the padres, whalers used to anchor in Carmel Bay, sending their long-boats ashore through the breakers to land on the dunes at the mouth of San Jose Creek. Between filling water-butts and dancing the horn-pipe, not to mention prancing the Spanish fandango, legend has it that these rough gentlemen—as a Sunday prank—hung two men from the bell-tower of the old mission.

Leading back from that white beach into the hills, a rough path penetrates one of the peninsula's most secluded places. Lupin hillsides give way to redwood depths. Ferns and Indian paint-brush lend color to a brook that grows in volume eastward, becoming a living thing of pools and tiny rapids . . . alive, but flowing through solemnity.

For there is a harsh and tragic something about the little valleys behind Carmel. Hardly one of them but has its ruined houses, its faded signs of struggle to till the land.

The path up San Jose Creek leads to such a clearing. One comes from shade to sunlight and peace—the peace of failure. In an opening in the hills cattle graze about a fallen house, its rough frame walls gaping, its chalkrock chimney a mass of crumbling stone. A queer house . . . . here a man was killed by an outlaw horse; now, through the heat of the day, the herd bull of the Allen Ranch occupies its blackness.

WILD LIFE IN AND ABOUT THE VILLAGE

Haig and Haig . . .

The armadillo that came to visit Lincoln Inn last summer disappeared, and is doubtless down some gopher hole by now . . .

Elliott Durham's superior police dog—(sans tail; plus sagacity)

Jiggs . . . Eric Collin's Siberian poodle.

Reginald Markham's recent additions to Carmel zoology: a turtle and a grey parrot. Delphine, the Markham's black Aberdeen terrier, doesn't mind the turtle, but the parrott—oh, my!

Gulls and pelicans on Lobos rookery, assidiously laying eggs for government photographers.

Sea lions loafing on **their** rookery off Seventeen Mile Drive—when not taking excursions around the Point to see whether or not the salmon are waiting to go up the river. No salmon—then plenty yelpum for Point residents, you bet.

Raccoon tracks in Carmel Woods . . .

Lion tracks up San Jose Creek.

Railroad tracks in Monterey.

Ducks dodging breakers in Carmel Bay: in comes a breaker, down goes duck in comes breaker, down goes duck again—not at all complicated.

The Lobos whale . . .

Coyotes beseeching the moon for a good long siege of hoof and mouth disease.

Valley deer contentedly browsing on young peach, pear and cherry trees set out for them year after year by kind-hearted orchardists.

Arthur Shand's beautiful horse . . .

Hawks above the morning sun, gold on their wings . . .

Cliff-dwelling ground squirrels, propagating merrily despite foxes, cats and poisoned grain . . .

(addendum): Unity Hall has a white cat that attends services and sits on the platform with the speaker.

(further addendum): Mrs. Wilson's white cat listens all the time, but only attends the private services.

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(continued from page 1)

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at carmel inns . . .

at carmel iins . . .

About thirty members of the Central California Rotary Organization are staying at Pine Inn.

Mrs. Baldwin Wood is visiting Mrs. Harry Hill at Pine Inn.

Jean Hersholt and wife, from Beverly Hills, are spending a few days at Pine Inn.

Among other guests are Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Flannery, owners of the Court Hotel, San Francisco; Doctor and Mrs. F. W. Hergert, Seattle; Eleanor Jones, physical instructor of the Cathedral School Washington D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Foster, on their honeymoon from Seattle; George N. Lamb and family, San Francisco; Doctor W. B. Holmes of Fremont, Ohio, who spent the week end here as the guest of Walter Grothe; W. W. Williams of San Francisco; Esther MacArthur, Lulu Cook, Olga Johnson, and Helen and Rachel Demarest, school teachers vacationing from Long Island; Viola Simms; Miss M. Yost; Mrs. C. Myers, and Miss A. Fitzgerald, teachers from San Francisco; and Jessie S. Herriott, Julia May Ward, and Miss Zeva Slack of Montreal, down from the summer school of the University of California.

At La Ribera Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Mayner, Pasadena; L. A. Kutner of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Mier and children, Los Angeles; Mrs. J. K. Smith, San Francisco; Mrs. Walter M. Rose and Mrs. W. D. Holt of Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. Lester F. Hubbard, newly married couple from Santa Barbara; M. Norins of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Vane and children, Ray and Junior, Chicago; Arthur H. Muhl and daughter, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McClellan, Santa Monica; Dr. E. L. Artman, San Francisco; Miss G. Wallace, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Blanche of South Pasadena; Mrs. A. L. Ahrens and Mrs. M. Harder, San Francisco; Mrs. Saul Berner and Mrs. Walter Slack, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Wiskocil, Berkeley; H. K. Landram and wife, Merced; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Vieurbrook and daughter Betty from Stockton; Miss S. M. Ford, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Ryan, also of San Francisco; Miss Gertrude Ebeling and sister from Los Angeles.

Judge John E. Richards of the Appellate Court, San Jose, is spending a few days at La Ribera.

Others enjoying Mrs. Ball's welcome are Mrs. Charles B. Brown, Shanghai; Margaret O'Connor, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Dailey, also of San Francisco; Mrs. George H. Woodruff and party from Pasadena; Mrs. William J. Small, San Rafael; Mrs. Henry Lund, permanent guest from San Francisco; William Theim and wife, Santa Barbara; and Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Oliver of San Francisco.

PAINTINGS AND PERSIAN SHAWLS

Of interest to visitors and residents alike, an exhibit of representative Carmel art hangs on the walls of the Myra B. Shop. Things by Ralph Davison Miller —a valley picture, an early landscape, and a striking marine; Foster Flint; De Neale Morgan's paintings of the coast; Charlotte Morgan's softer studies; a mural by Miss Culbertson; and several pictures by Ida Maynard Curtis.

Also of interest to browsers about the village, here is a collection of Persian shawls—rare and valuable pieces showing in their detail the painstaking craftsmanship of Eastern workers.

Tapa cloth and Indian prints, hammered copper, antique and modern jewelry . . . all stuff of romantic import and appeal.

CARMEL MANY WORLDS WITHIN ITSELF

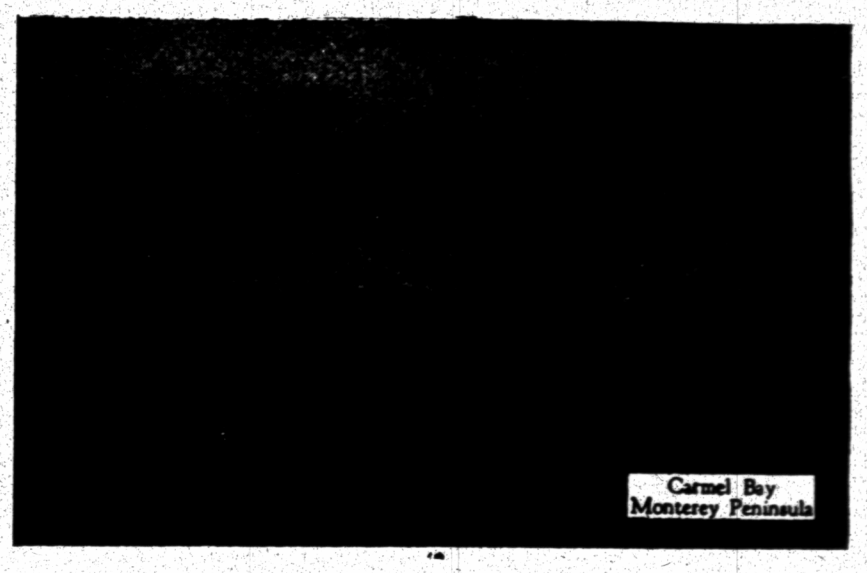
"Where have you been?" asks a friend from as far away as Carmel Woods.

"Europe!" you feel as if you might reply to really satisfy the gap implied.

For Carmel is a place where friends may live and rarely meet. Groups develop; people segregate—not intentionally, but naturally. A community of individualists, each individual soon builds about him his chosen few.

Even in our sunsets we have variety. Some prefer the view from Hatton Fields over the mission. Others go naturally to the south beach to watch the planet disappear behind Midway Point. Still others—and nothing can convince them but that their view is best—race madly down to the Point every evening . . . excepting foggy ones, if any.

Whereas anyone at all sensible knows that the **only** place to get exactly the right dying light and afterglow is from the very tip of Point Lobos.



A SAN FRANCISCAN SCENE

Walking down Grant Avenue in Chinatown of San Francisco on a late Sunday morning.

The entrance to Chinatown is fringed with art and curio shops to capture the pecunious visitor. Their multiplicity makes possible the comment that taste, good and bad, varies with the Chinaman as with the rest of us. Teakwood cabinets, carven buddhas, mandarin coats and Japanese haoris, many modified to suit the American taste for personal publicity. Embroidered slippers, lacquer bowls, and **toys.** Toys show the efflorescent ingenuity of the Chinese mentality; their workmanship show the national feeling for texture and quality. (A whole indictment of our American culture might be based upon our children's toys as a typical symbol.)

Continue along Grant Avenue and you have almost the sense that you are descending a sort of cone toward the inverted apex of Chinatown. Now the shops begin to lose their Americanisms and are for the local citizenry chiefly. The men in their flat black slippers shuffle along softly. Their faces are deeply lined and solemnly quizzical. The women are few, but as there are occasional children rubbing along over the doubtful pavement, their presence behind the window-shutters is implied.

Break away from the possessive trance into which the shop windows lured you and look skyward to the cornice line. Gold and vermillion shapes rise as from pagodas, a skyline of Oriental richness and confusion.

This Sunday morning is pervaded with play. Strange stringy sounds emerge from behind the closed window-blinds upstairs, and a little high-pitched singing, nasally throaty and alien, comes thinly forth. What are these minds, these people, whose embodiment provides such a picture to our eyes? What way is there of breaking the invisible wall which separates races?

Even the smells here are utterly alien. From what do they come? From these strange strings of dried fish, dried fowl, and dried strips of animal muscle, hanging on strings in their grocery windows? There is a bitter pungence. The nose perceives it with a sort of horror.

Captured in preserving liquids, or lying in piles, there are grotesquely shaped roots. The very vegetables are other than ours.

In the meat shop the forms are whole. You buy not so many pounds of steak, but a whole skinned rabbit. Under the counter the fowls cluck; you buy one; the shopman flops the bird upon the scales as it gives forth a throat-tearing sqwak of appeal; and in five minutes the warm flesh is wrapped, the exchange consummated. (A horror which we Americans hide with graceful evasion. Who, buying a wax-wrapped half-pound of orderly bacon-slices, can think back to the dull thud which ended the struggles of a hog upon a slippery floor?)

The cruelty of life here on Grant Avenue is franker. Yet on all sides it is supported and mitigated by an exquisite refinement in aesthetic terms.

Wherever civilization is brutal, the arts flower.

WHY THE TSCHAIKOWSKY?

A concerto by Saint-Saens had been announced for the Newcomb-Griffin two-piano recital.

On the evening of performance however the program bore instead the name of Tschaikowsky.

The telegraph wires had been humming hot with orders for the necessary copy of the concerto by the Frenchman; there was none to be found in the United States apparently; so on the day before the recital, change was made to the concerto of Tschaikowsky.

Miss Newcomb played this years ago with Gabrilowitsch. Nevertheless they are two flexible artists who can make so major an adjustment on notice so brief.

Myra B.'s Corner

Watch this space in next week's issue

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ROBINSON JEFFERS

Robinson Jeffers has brought something fiery into modern American poetry. He is the first American-born poet in whom we sense a unity with the Europeans.

He has the same intense antitheologism of a Shelley or a Nietzsche, combined with a mystical love and pity, a longing for peace, a vigorous response to earth as the mother of All and a desire for "The sweetness of death as a starved man dreams bread." His is a spiritual pantheism which embraces the internal and the external in one unique conception.

His poems express the silent wars of the demons within us—Christ and Dionysus in conflict:

"I have suddenly awakened,
I will not waste inward upon humanity."

Jeffers' cry is a battle cry of one who is drunk with light.. The very technique of his verse is hard, like sharp flying chips of "streaming shouldered tide-rock" which fly into space, fall into the sleeping pool of our sensibility, and stir its silence.

The God Jeffers worships "thinks through action.".

For him, "faith" is

"The trap that catches noblest spirits,
that caught, they say,
God when he walked on earth."

Jeffers has left the trap broken and rusty behind him, and

"Lying on the hillside,
Sick with those visions, I remembered
The knife in the stalk of my humanity;
I drew and it broke;
I entered the life of the grown forest
And the great life of the ancient peaks,
the patience of stone,
I felt the changes in the veins
In the throat of the mountain,
a grain in many centuries,
we have our own time"

It is of our own time that Jeffers sings, yet the local surroundings serve Jeffers only as a setting for the cosmic action of his "giants in agony," as Greece served Aeschylus and Euripides, who also in their age composed hymns to destruction, madness and darkness.

Humanity has become

"something we must break away from."

"multitude, multitudes of thought,
all fierce, all flesh-eaters—musically clamorous
Bright hawks that hover and dart headlong."

These are utterances of a restless temperament with the courage and the will to get out of himself into a creative oneness with the universe.

Jeffers' philosophy of life is based on the Greeks'; a belief in the fatality of a Fate. All his people bear the impress of an unavoidable fatality.

Jeffers is a Shelleyan sensitive plant grown into a fruit-bearing tree shaken by thunderstorms of thought, he is a Nietzschean superman chastising his own gods.

He builds upon the reality of the world within; he lives in regions outside the charted ways of good and evil; he has "climbed the tower beyond time" and knows that only by a kind of a spiritual escape can one have a glimpse of Isis unveiled. It is then that the creator achieves a superb moment of absolute supremacy, or as Jeffers names it "the unbearable consumption of the ecstasy."

To obtain such moments the poet must confine himself within his own burning heart, must isolate himself from humanity and limit himself as did Diogenes, Christ, Nietzsche.

On opening any of Jeffers' three volumes, one finds that all the reasonable and respectable emotions of a Christian humanity emerge from it in a new and shameless paganism to startle and enchant us with its passionate and sympathetic directness.

To a completely organic artist who has found natural expression in his work, praise or blame does not mean much; he has found his function in life and has fulfilled it to the utmost of his powers. Jeffers' work is beyond criticism, as the Book of Job is, as is the Divine Comedy.

Jeffers remains the pillar of fire, the flamed despair in the desert of modern American poetry.

He holds his soul in the centre of the sun and thence proceed utterances scourging and soothing as the very rays of the blazing sun upon the moist earth. To him who asks, what task does the poet perform?—What mission he fulfills?—Jeffers answers with his own mystic and burning answer:—

"Remember that the life of mankind
is like the life of a man,
A flutter from darkness to darkness
Across the bright hair of a fire."

—Rudolph Gilbert.

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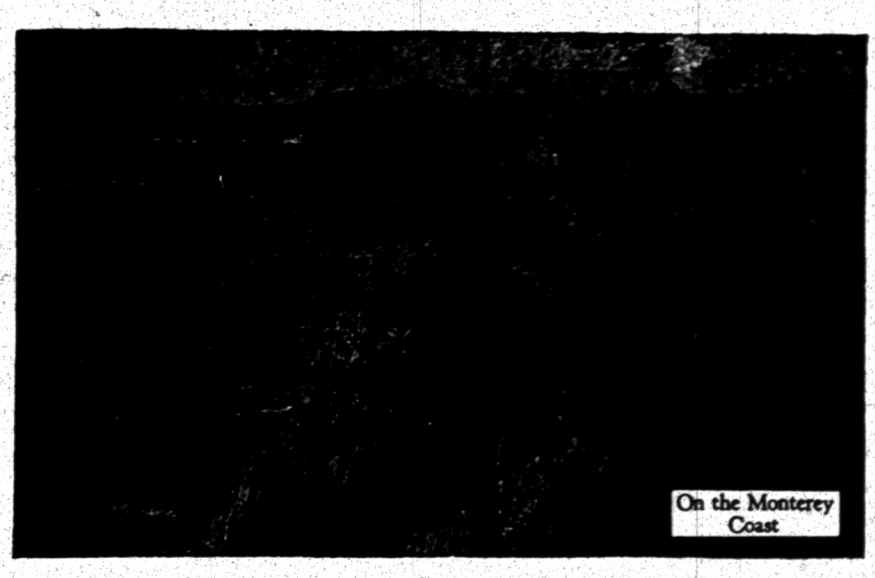

On the Monterey Coast

Courtesy Del Monte

OFF FOR EUROPE

Last summer John Bovingdon danced one Sunday afternoon at the Theater of the Golden Bough. His audience was moved and puzzled.

After the first group one spectator left quickly, moved beyond endurance, she later told, by the acute beauty of this slow majestic motion, rhythmic as the breath which imposed its swing.

Others remained puzzled.

A group at the Blackman's,—including Orage,—did not like it.

John Bovingdon has a philosophy difficult to live. He seeks a return of living to the natural and even the primitive. He has lived in China and in Java and Japan and been nourished upon oriental thinking. and of spontaneous behaviors,—difficult in our civilization.

He believes that every moment of living may be a dance.

Now he and his comrade Jeanya Marling have set off for England, as sometimes he has gone off before to Paris, or Carthage, or Egypt, or to join Isadora Duncan in the old days, anywhere. They have no funds; but they offer in exchange for passage their year's work at the loom, twenty-five pieces woven of silk, linen, and wool. Familiar with the enchantment of their charm, we prophecy an early and comfortable arrival at their destination.

John Bovingdon was once an instructor in Economics at Harvard; later principal of the International School in Tokyo. Now he possesses nothing but a set of Javanese temple gongs and a loom, gallantly striding the planet.

THE OPEN FORUM

How many years ago was it that Ford Hall Open Forums were begun in Boston?

Now even some liberal churches have become debating places where ideas and philosophies are publicly discussed. There is a Sunday Evening open forum in Chicago in its huge Orchestra Hall. Debates begin in New York at Cooper Union, continue publicly on Times Square in times of national crisis, and end in smaller uptown discussion forums which meet regularly.

In Los Angeles there is an Open Forum which meets every Sunday evening in Music Art Hall on Broadway. Recent subjects of discussion have been:

June thirtieth: The significance of the Labor Party Victory in Britain.

July seventh: Causative Factors in Crime.

July fourteenth: Psychological Selection

WEEK-END DEPARTURES

Early Monday morning begins the procession of cars up Ocean Avenue back to town after the week-end,—making the six-twenty-five at Monterey, or else the ride back to San Francisco by nine. You know somehow that under the stiff and urban collars there is a goodly coat of sunburn, in the suitcase the bathing suits are well stowed away.

The summer is unusual this year for delight. The fogs have forgotten us, the days flawless.

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Loose Ladies	Vina Delmar
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SALVATION BY INCANTATION

Ramiel MacGeehee, who is with Edward Weston for some weeks, once spent a year in a Buddhist monastery in Japan.

On his first days there it rained.

Having unpacked his small store of belongings he was ready to take a walk about the countryside.

Just as he started forth he was met by a brother.

"Ah, how is it? You are going out?"

"Yes, I thought of going for a short walk."

"But the sun is shining, although it rains!"

"?"

"Do you know that if you walk in the rain when the sun is shining you will surely, if you happen to meet a wedding procession, be turned into a fox?"

Ramiel argued that this was something which of all things would delight him; but observing how seriously his friend took the matter, he turned back.

Presently he started forth again.

As he reached the garden another Brother came up.

"My friend," he said. "If you are really determined to go walking when it is raining while the sun also shines, I know an incantation you may utter should you meet a wedding procession, which will prevent your being turned into a wild fox."

Armed with the incantation the novice now set forth.

The Brother was right. He met no wedding procession. And he did not turn into a fox.

THE DEATHLESS DRAMA . . .

Hope springs eternal.

The Theater Guild of the Golden Bough, and the Carmel Theater Guild, have scarce been decently interred and laid to final rest, when up springs another scheme.

The Carmel Repertory Players now announce their entrance upon the clouded scene. The director, Bert Heron. President, Bert Heron. Charter members include the following:

Bert Heron
Bert Heron
Bert Heron

This harmonious and unanimous group further announces the proposed ferformance early in August at the Theater of the Golden Bough of "Twelfth Night", by one Shakespeare, (noted dramatist).